

The Man from Rye

A photo story by Andrea Slip



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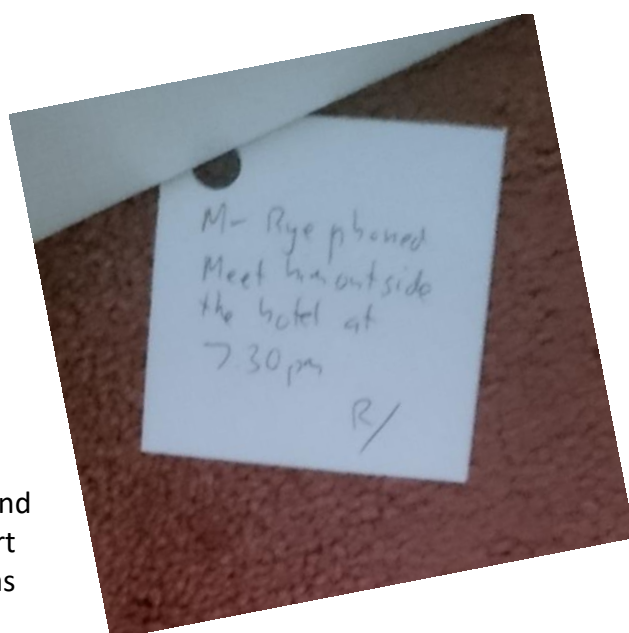
It is the mid 1960's. After a weekend at home in London Josh is returning to the [hotel](#) he works at in Hastings. On the train to Hastings he meets a man from Rye, in Sussex. The man discovers Josh is wearing a slip, knickers and stockings under his track suit leading to a sexual encounter on the train. As Josh jumps off the train at Hastings the man thrusts a piece of paper, with his phone number, into Josh's hand. The intention that they meet again was clear but would it happen? The story, started in [Hotel](#), continues.



At the end of her shift in the hotel, Jo (her femme name) rushed back to her room for her usual wank. When she opened the door, she found a note from the receptionist had been shoved under her door. It was a phone message from the man on the train, the man from Rye. Jo was supposed to have phoned him but being dressed up in silky lingerie all week had made her forget to call the man on the train.

The man from Rye wanted to meet Josh that evening at 7.30pm. But what would she wear? She would have to put all the lingerie she had worn this week, when dressed as one of the housemaids, plus her Mum's brown slip and knickers in the black bag to give to Mrs Mattson for washing as soon as she could. Mrs Mattson would be waiting downstairs in the staffroom having a cup of tea. She would notice if the brown slip and knickers were not there, now that she has seen them.

She would have to wear drab for the man from Rye and see what happens. One last wank and she would start sorting the washing, some of which was rather stiff, as Mrs Mattson had observed earlier.





Jo lifted the black house maids dress and slipped her hand over the silky brown slip and matching knickers she had “borrowed” from her Mum on her last trip home to Bermondsey in London.



Jo massaged her stiffening cockette through the two layers of nylon and then lifted the slip and proceeded to masturbate just through the knickers. Jo loved the feeling of silky nylon on her cockette, soon enough the feeling of ejaculation coursed through her body as she soaked the knickers with her cum. Mrs Mattson was expecting to see these brown knickers stiff with cum when she washed them at home for Jo. She wouldn't be disappointed.



Back in drab male clothes Josh walked out of the hotel at exactly 7.30pm. It was bright and sunny on the Hastings seafront but there was a stiff breeze blowing in from the sea. At first he couldn't see the man from Rye, but then he got out of his black Austin and waved at Josh.

"Are you wearing some nice lingerie, " asked the man from Rye?

"No, all my lingerie is being washed."

"Good job I have something prepared for you then whilst my wife is away for a few days."



They drove in silence from Hasting to Rye, a journey of no more than 30 minutes. The man from Rye parked his car next to the river and then walked up Mermaid Street to his house. This was quite steep and Josh was getting out of breath. He was amazed by all the old houses in the street.

Then the man turned to his right and walked up a short alley and unlocked the front door of an old black and white house. There was no number on the door.

“Welcome to Chez Nous,” said the man.

“Is that the name of the house,” asked Josh?

“No, silly boy, it means welcome to my home.”

Josh was embarrassed.

“Don’t worry, go up to the stairs to the first bedroom on the right. I have laid out some of my wife’s lingerie, I think you will like it. When you are ready come back down to the living room. “



Laid out on the bed was some lovely lingerie. It was pale green. Josh looked at the pretty lingerie and decided he definitely wanted to wear it for Mr Rye, as well as for himself. He loved wearing silky nylon all the time now and had very reluctantly worn his drab male clothes out of the hotel.



On the floor were some high heels. Josh wasn't sure they would fit but there was only one way to find out. He slipped out of his clothes and male persona and back into Jo, his femme alter ego.



Jo looked more closely at the lingerie on the bed, she picked up a large pair of pale green French knickers. They looked way too big, Jo wondered if Mrs Rye was, well..... over weight? Was that was why Mr Rye wanted to see someone younger and slimmer in pretty lingerie.

Jo loved dressing up silky lingerie. In no time, she had on the bra, suspender belt and the sheer black stockings. Her small cockette was starting to rise, the sheer black stockings felt wonderful sliding up her bare legs. Then Jo stepped into the French knickers and slid them up over the stockings. By the time Jo had pulled the knickers into place, her cockette was as stiff as the breeze on the seafront. She couldn't see any breast inserts so she used some spare stockings to pad out the silky bra.



Jo had a look at the heels and decided on a black pair that would look good from behind with the black seamed stockings. The French knickers had plenty of room to accommodate his stiff cockette.

Jo looked in the full-length bedroom mirror and liked what she saw, long stockings with seams and frilly knickers at the top, very sexy.



Jo knew that man from Rye was waiting downstairs but she just could not resist having a crafty little wank through the delicious nylon knickers. Not enough to cum but just enough to enjoy the feeling of silky nylon rubbing over her cockette.





A little wet patch did appear on the front of the green knickers. Jo stopped wanking and stepped in to the pale green half-slip.



Jo snapped the slip into place around her waist. It looked and felt wonderful.

Finally, there was a pale green camisole, Jo picked it up and slid it down over her head. It was a slightly different material from the slip, a bit shinier but still just as silky and looked great together. Jo felt so femme and sexy. She hoped the man from Rye would like it. But what would he be wearing? Jo remembered that he had said he might try wearing some of his wife's knickers as well. Was he, right now?

Jo wasn't sure. She decided to find a pair, just in case.





Jo opened a few drawers in the pine wood chest. Some were rather boring cotton knickers and bras, but then she found some pretty undies in the bottom draw. They looked as though they had not been disturbed for some time.



Jo's eye was caught by a gorgeous pair of pink French knickers. They were very shiny satin and had lashings of pink lace on the legs. She thought that his long thin cock would react well to wearing the pretty panties. Who wouldn't? She lifted the delicious knickers out of the draw and put them on the bed.



Mrs Mattson had given him a lipstick and a small mirror to do some light makeup when she was dressed in her housemaid's uniform at the hotel. She retrieved these from her trousers on the floor, sat down on the bed and put on some lippy.



Finally, Jo checked her heels were on properly and was good to go downstairs. Jo picked up the pink French knickers from the bed and held them behind her back.

The stairs in the old house were very steep, much steeper than in the hotel. Jo walked down in her high heels holding carefully onto the banister. She walked into the living room where the man was sitting on the sofa. He already had his cock out of his trousers. Jo dropped the pink French knickers on the floor behind an arm chair.

“Oh yes, oh yes, Sissy, do a twirl.”

Jo picked up the hem of her half-slip and did a full turn.

“Just as lovely as I imagined, Sissy. No, better than I hoped for..”



"I am not sure I got these suspenders tight, I just need to adjust them," said Jo.

She lifted the hem of the slip and took hold of the "errant" suspender strap over her right leg and tightened it a fraction.

The man from Rye was already leaning back on the sofa and wanking his cock.

"Oh you tease, I love it. Looks like you have already been having some action, Sissy, your knickers look damp. You should have waited for me to make you damp."

"Oh French knickers do that to a cock," said Jo. "Are you wearing any, like you promised?"

"Well no, I had forgotten about that."

Jo leant down and picked up the frilly pink knickers from behind the armchair.



“It is never too late, I found these pink French knickers in your wife’s lingerie draw. Would you like to wear them? They will feel specially on that big cock of yours.”

“Well I” The man from Rye was desperately trying to find an excuse not to wear them but he continued wanking slowly as he looked at the delicious pink knickers in Jo’s hands.

He suddenly stopped wanking and took off all his clothes. The Man from Rye liked to be in control and dominate Sissy Jo but perhaps Jo was more in control than he liked?





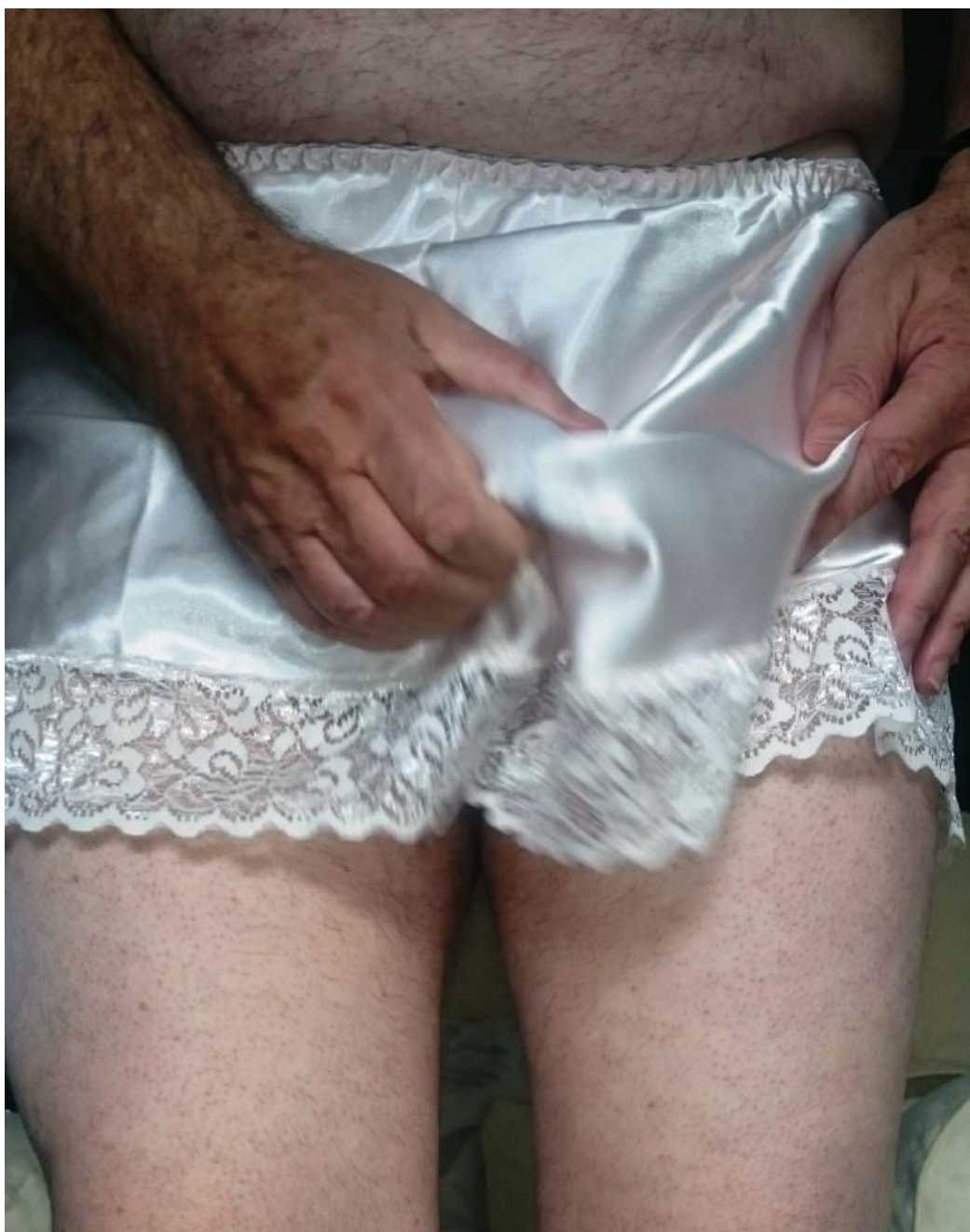
Jo sat down on the sofa and watched the man slide into the pretty panties. Was it his first time in knickers? Probably, but Jo couldn't be sure.



Jo wondered if she should have found some stocking and suspenders as well so he could enjoy the feeling of nylon on his lower legs. Maybe next time, knickers would do for now. Both of them wearing French knickers was already having an effect of Jo's cockette. He looked sweet in his wife's pink knickers with a growing tent. Jo knew she has made the right decision.



The man looked down at Jo sitting on the sofa in her heels, sheer stockings and pretty green lingerie. Everything owned by his wife but not worn for his pleasure for many years.



Jo was right, he did like wearing silky knickers against his stiff cock. He started to rub his stiff cock through the satin. The loose lace on the legs started to flap.



Jo started to do the same and eased her growing cockette out of her French knickers.



The Man from Rye did the same and pulled out his stiff cock from the leg of the pink French knickers. He stepped forward and stood between Jo's legs. Jo could sense what was expected as the man's cock was level with her face. Jo's parted her lipstick lips and eased the long thin cock into her mouth. At first she nearly choked but a couple of swallows and then started to gently suck the hot cock. The man put his hands-on Jo's head and pulled her closer.



Whilst Jo was sucking the Man from Rye, she pulled her own cockette out of the pale green French knickers and started to masturbate herself.

Suddenly the man spurted into Jo's mouth. She nearly choked, took a breath and started swallowing the sticky cum. Soon Jo came into her own hand.



The man collapsed on the sofa beside Jo.

"You're a quick learner young man," he managed to say after a while. "More to learn though."

He reached over and started to fondling Jo's nylon clad legs. Then he stopped and reached over to a side table for a pot of something. Jo couldn't see what it was at first but then recognised the smell of Vaseline.

"What's that for," asked Jo, rather naively?

"It will hurt a bit at first but relax and it will be fine," said the man as he smeared the Vaseline over his stiffening cock.



“Stand up, Sissy,” commanded the man in the pink knickers. “Bend over the chair.”

Jo did as he was told. The man ran his hands up and down Jo’s green slip and sheer black seamed stockings. Then he stepped closer and ran his satin clad cock over Jo’s slip. Jo could feel his hands running under the slip and feeling the French knickers. Suddenly the French knickers were pulled down, the slip flipped up and the man rammed his long stiff cock into Jo’s rear passage. Jo screamed and her knees nearly buckled but she gripped the arms of the chair and held firm against the assault from behind and pulled the man’s cock in further. The man thrust in and out, banging against Jo’s backside. Although intense pain did not subside Jo began to relax as best she could. Suddenly he emptied his second load and Jo screamed again.



Jo's two weeks as a temporary housemaid at the hotel stretched from into three weeks. Although Mrs Matson was very kindly lending Jo some lingerie she decided she ought to get some of her own and possible some shoes that fitted better.

On a day off Josh popped into the Bental's department store, near the hotel in Hastings. He decided his cover story would be buying a gift for his girlfriend for her birthday. Although there was Contessa, a specialist lingerie shop, he did not feel comfortable going there. He would stand out too much in male clothes. Perhaps in a big department store he would be more anonymous?

In Bentall's the staff let him browse. There was a beautiful full length slip on display in the lingerie department, a sort of dark red, perhaps even the colour of a good Bordeaux. He had a little bit of money saved up so he decided to find his size and buy it. It was in a summer sale so he decided to get the slip and some matching knickers, suspenders and a bra. The sales girl rang it all up and ask if he would like it gift wrapped. "Yes please," he just about managed to say.





Then it was off to the shoe department. There were two possible pairs on display on racks. One was a black pair with a lovely snake skin pattern on the back of the shoe and a three-inch heel. The other was a blue pair with open sides, it too had three inch heels. Josh couldn't decide which to buy, they were both lovely. The black pair would be perfect for work but he loved the blue pair even more, but would Jo get away with wearing them at work as well? He was not sure what the work dress code for housemaids said about shoes.

Although Josh wanted to try on both pairs of shoes he was dressed in drab male clothes. He was too embarrassed. It would be so much easier if Jo had some casual female clothes and could go shopping, dressed en femme, to try on skirts, shoes and lingerie at will. Josh had a little bit saved up from his £13 a week wages but could not afford to buy both pairs of shoes. He took the blue pair to the till, fortunately they were in the discount section, and had both shoes on display. Size 7 was the largest they had on display so Josh just hopped that they would fit. Perhaps if he saved up for a month he might have enough to get the black heels as well, if they still had them.

Jo wore the new blue shoes and the red lingerie, under her black and white housemaids dress at the hotel the next day.

She was sorting out some cushions in the lounge when she suddenly felt a hand sliding down her back and under her skirt. The hand gave a quick cup of Jo's nylon covered arse and then there was a quick cough.



Jo was surprised, stood up suddenly and turned around to see the Major, her employer, standing behind her.

“Come and see me in my office about the dress code, Jo. Now.”

The Major walked out of the lounge and headed back to his office just behind the reception desk.

Jo wondered if the shoes were not Ok in blue or if the new burgundy slip she was wearing was too long, did the lacy hem show too much?

“Oh no,” said Jo. She put down her cleaning things and followed the Major to his office.





The Major indicated the spare chair in his office, Jo sat down with as much decorum as she could manage, trying not to show her stocking tops or lacy slip. The Major locked the door and flipped the open sign to closed. It was only a small office; the two chairs were very close together. The major squeezed past Jo and slid into his desk chair with its rounded back.

"Mrs Mattson tells me that you are doing an excellent job as a temporary housemaid. But I am wondering if I need to look for another concierge instead and make your job as housemaid permanent."

Jo was surprised by this turn of event.

"Well what do you think, do you think that you could pull it off," asked the Major?

"I ... I .. suppose so... well.. yes please," stumbled Jo.

"Thing is.... Dress code," bumbled the Major. "Stand up, lift up you dress, I want to do a uniform check to see what petticoat you are wearing."

Jo stood up and started to lift her dress. She was getting excited about showing her pretty lingerie to another person.

"Thought so. Dress regs for housemaids say a black or a white petticoat, matching underwear and black or dark brown stockings and black heeled shoes," said the Major.

"Those shoes are blue not black and that petticoat looks like dark red, not black or white. Did Mrs Mattson give you that?"

"No Major, I bought it at Benthalls."

"Do you want to see my matching knickers as well?"

"Well, I" said the Major.





Before the Major had a chance to answer Jo slowly lifted her slip and revealed the red knickers and red suspenders attached to her lacy black stocking tops.

“I am sorry Major, my panties, suspenders and bra are all red, but they are matching, as per the dress regs, just not in black or white. Shall I take my dress off so you can see my slip properly? Can you unzip me?”

Jo turned her back to the Major and started to unzip her dress. The major stood up and finished unzipping the black and white dress. Jo let it fall to the floor and stepped out of it. She turned back to face the Major who had sat down again.

“It is a gorgeous slip isn’t it Major, don’t you just love the colour? It is just like one of those fine Bordeaux wines in the cellar that you are so proud of. Think of it as a vintage slip.”

“Yes, yes it is very pretty, but

Jo lifted the dark red slip a little at the front so that the Major could see her stocking tops and red knickers again. She could see the effect it was having on the Major. His khaki slacks were tenting at the front as she knew he would. Men are such suckers for a glimpse of stockings, lace and nylon.



“Oh silly me. You haven’t inspected my bra yet so you can tell if I am wearing matching lingerie. Let me take my slip off so you can see. “

Jo slid the pretty burgundy slip off over her head and dangled it from her right hand.

“I so agree with staff having to wear matching undies. Doesn’t it look nice? See how the lacy suspender belt matches my lacy red bra and the lacy panties. Oh. I am getting all excited now. Good job you locked the door Major. Wouldn’t want a guest or a member of staff bursting in here now, would we? Perhaps you could relax the black and white lingerie rule just a little, we are not in the 1950’s now you know. “

The Major was starting to massage his stiff cock through his slacks.





Jo sat down in the chair. She then lifted her right leg and put her blue high heel in the Major's lap to start massaging his cock.

"Oh, and the shoe colour could be relaxed a bit as well. Jo dangled her blue high heel over the Major's crotch. He unzipped his slacks and pulled out his cock. Not as big as the man from Rye but big enough. Jo dropped her leg and kicked off her heels. She put both legs over the Major's and took hold of his growing cock in her nylon clad feet.

"So if I take this job, do I get a rise out of this?"

"Urghhhh...."

Jo wrapped her black stockings around his cock and stated to give him a nylon foot wank.

"You don't need to say anything; I think I can feel a rise cuming."

Just as the Major was about to cum Jo took her nylon feet off his cock and stood up. She stepped back into her blue heels.

The Major was a bit perturbed about this sudden end to his nylon foot job but Jo turned her nylon clad arse towards him and slowly lowered her bum onto his upright cock. She bounced up and down on his protuberance, which was rubbing over Jo's nylon panties. She could feel the body heat of the Major through the thin red nylon. Jo decided she decided she liked this better than getting shafted up the arse by the Man from Rye.

Then the Major came, shooting white cum all over Jo's pretty, red panties.



Jo turned around to face the Major and slid her knickers down. She took hold of her own stiff cockette and started to masturbate herself, right in front of the Major.

The Major looked on in fascination as his own cock started to wilt. Not once had he called Jo a Sissy. Jo felt as though she was now the dominant one, very much to her advantage in these contract negotiations. She knew that the Major, a man with an excellent reputation and of good standing in the local community, would not want this getting out. A homosexual relationship was still illegal for anyone under 21, which Jo was.

“One more thing, Major. If I am going to be a full-time maid, and full time tranny, I am going to need new clothes. So, how about a £4 clothes allowance a week as well as a wage rise of £3 a week?”

The Major, who recovered his composure by now said, “Well alright, but you can’t say anything about this or your new contract to anyone. It must be our secret.”

Jo was a fast learner and knew how to milk a situation. She had just got a 50% rise in wages, taking her up to £20 a week. As she came in her hand she was dreaming of those black heels she had seen in Bentall’s and a new denim skirt. Not only would she be dressed en femme for work but she she could cross dress in her time off as well. She wondered what the man from Rye would make of that?



The End

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With many thanks to Paula1963cd for sparking the original story

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